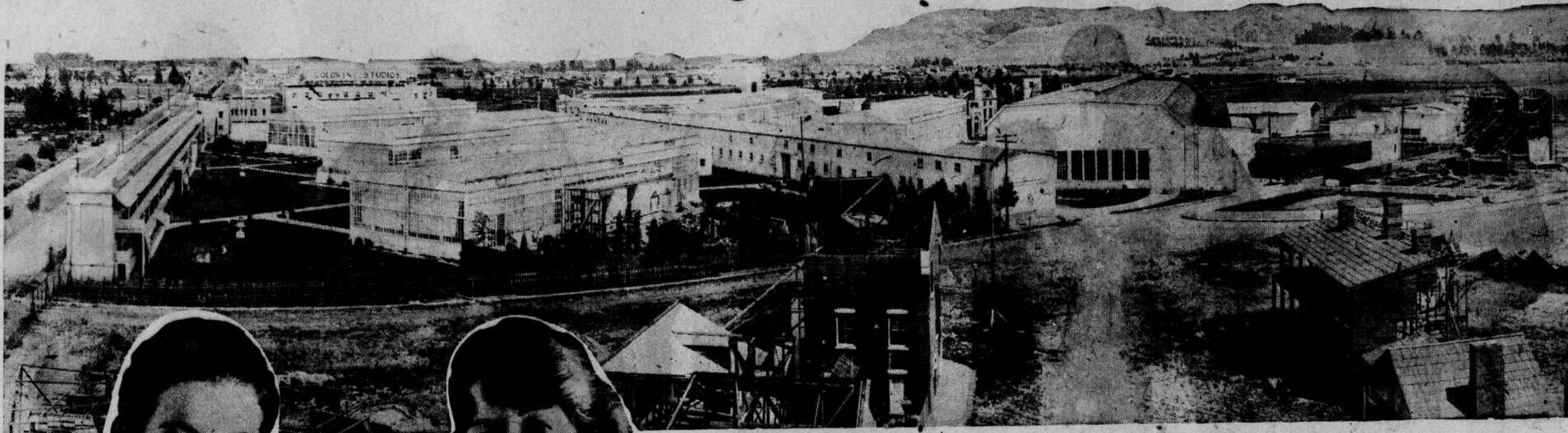


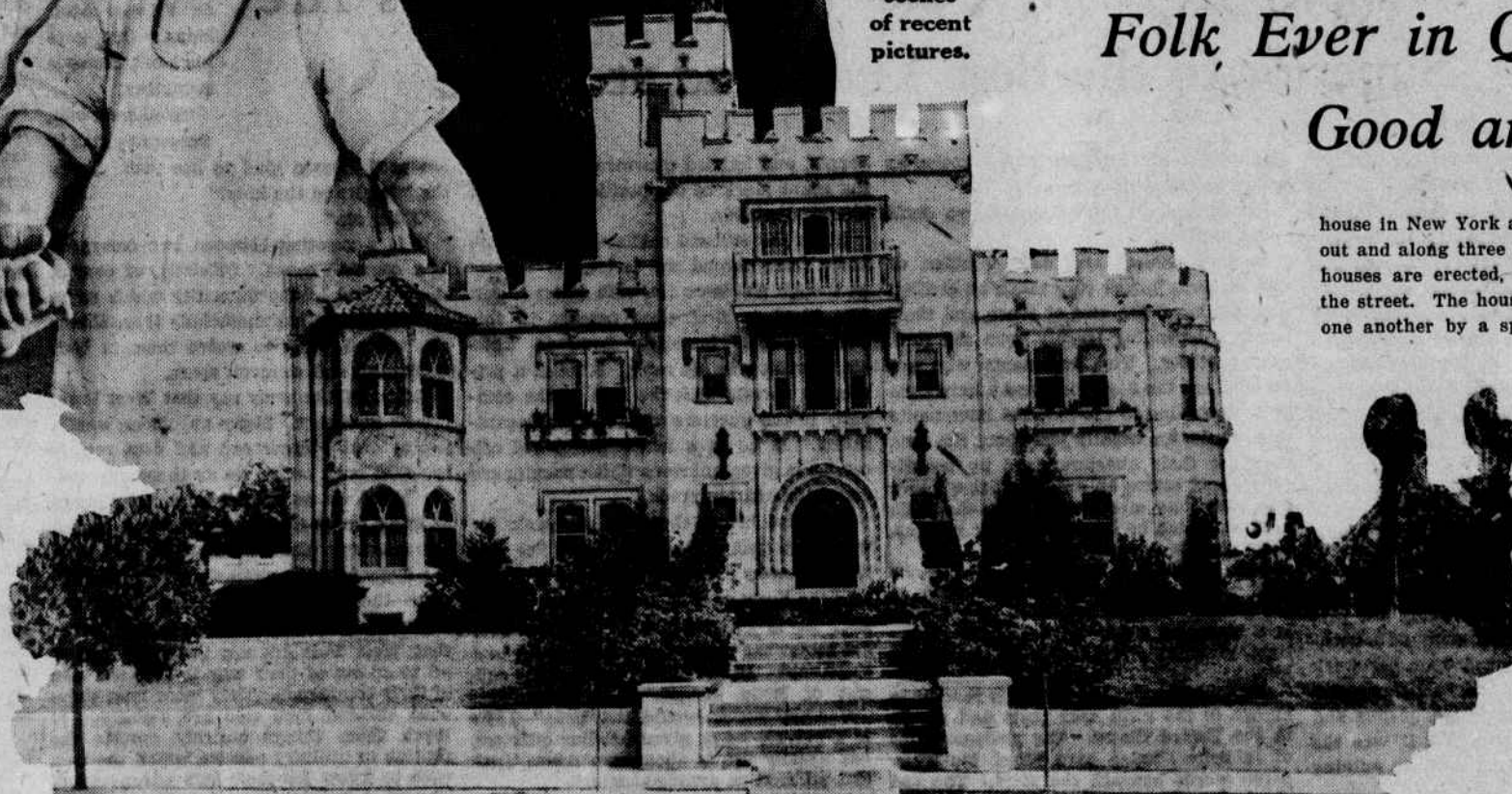
The Truth *about* Hollywood-Behind *the* Scenes



At the left are the huge buildings for "inside scenes"—stretching across both pages to the right are buildings used in "exterior" scenes of recent pictures.

Stranger Even Than the Gossip and Rumor Is the Story of What Really Goes On in the Colony of "New Rich" Screen Folk Ever in Quest of Excitement— Good and Bad Mingle

Above is the kind of a photograph even the press agents seldom get at Hollywood—just a family group—Cullen Landis, with Mrs. Landis, at home with their baby. At the right is not the country seat of an English baronet, but a typical Hollywood "Bungalow"—the home of Sessue Hawakaya.



By THOREAU CRONYN.
Of The New York Herald Staff.

TWO unfortunate incidents of a tragic nature have directed public attention to Hollywood—a colony which, because of these happenings, has become so widely discussed that it needs no identification.

Roscoe Arbuckle, a comedian of the screen, who has made millions laugh, was host at a party, and one of his guests, a young woman of the screen, died. Arbuckle and his ill-fated guest were from, and of, Hollywood.

A popular photoplay director, one of the most gifted of them all, was murdered under circumstances that aroused public interest—an interest always excited by the mysterious and the unexplainable. Taylor, the director, was a leading worker in Hollywood, and about him fluttered a bevy of our most attractive feminine celebrities of the screen, all of them his neighbors or frequent visitors to the Hollywood community.

What kind of a place is this Hollywood? It has been said widely that the license of Babylon was as the Blue Laws in comparison to the customary wickedness of this settlement of screen favorites. Those who live in Hollywood, frightened by the sudden glare of public attention upon their doings, say their beloved colony is but an average suburb, more beautiful and gayer, perhaps, than others, but just as orderly.

And from Hollywood itself the public has turned its examining impulse upon the "movie folk" themselves. What manner of folk are they? Primitive and bad? Or human and good?

These are questions worthy of answer. And the answer may be worth while only if given dispassionately after careful, exhaustive examination into all the aspects of Hollywood—its secrets as well as its propaganda; its people as well as its activities; its customs as well as its laws.

It is an old saying, "there can be no smoke without a fire." So much smoke has spread from Hollywood during the last four months, surely there must be some fire. But is it a conflagration—or a blaze? Is it fanned from within, as gossip says, or from without, as the people of the films declare?

On this page is presented to-day the first of a series of articles resulting from careful, painstaking investigation by THE NEW YORK HERALD—investigation conducted in Hollywood itself. Here is the evidence for and against Hollywood; and the evidence for and against its players in the great comedy-drama that otherwise is called "the movie world."

EVERY pilgrim with a movie education feels the moment he steps off the train in Los Angeles that he has been cheated. He looks hungrily around for the familiar scenes of his imagination and finds them not. By every right of press agency and tourist tales he expects to see Charley Chaplin diving between the legs of a small town cop, Douglas Fairbanks doing a head-spin and the bathing beauties wiggling their toes in the sand of the neighboring beach, while assorted peons and East Side gunmen sit about in their makeup waiting for some one to bellow "Action—camera!" through a megaphone.

But he learns that the studios are far from the city, that the street traffic of ever growing Los Angeles is far too serious a thing to be trifled with by pursuit chasers, and that the nearest beach is a dozen miles away. He approaches his hotel with some hope, for he has been led to believe that all the famous stars not actively engaged on the "lot"—or on "location"—the pilgrim has desperately mastered the movie lingo so as to feel at home with the Personages when he meets them—are to be seen draped in the lobby, possibly waiting for the gong to announce the beginning of the orgies.

But all I could see was a number of pinch backed youths with nothing on their minds but the necessity of getting a good seat in the basement cafeteria into which prohibition has converted the men's grill.

In the streets it was to be noted that some of the motion picture theaters were showing films not yet seen in New York. I was told that one of them had recently been advertising a Mary Miles Minter picture with a strip of canvas lettered "I love you—I love you—I love you," this being

part of a letter she wrote William Desmond Taylor, the director who was murdered. It occurred to somebody that perhaps this was not very good advertising after all and the strip had been taken down.

It was plain that no movie people, recognizable as such, were to be found in the city proper. They may have been there once, but Iowans have crowded them out. It is a stock joke that there are more Iowans in Los Angeles than in Iowa, and I half believe it. The reason for the hehira as given me is that Iowa is the only State in which farmers can lay by enough money to retire and go where they want to go.

But it was Hollywood this traveler started out to see, not Los Angeles—Hollywood, the home of the movies, where some kind of a "colony" lived in a beautiful, palm bowered stockade and, not lingering to remove the grease paint of the studios, plunged into orgies the moment the dinner dishes were cleared away by soft footed, incurious Japanese.

I got into a taxicab, noted that the meter registered 30 cents at the start, just as it does in New York, and set forth. Hollywood, it seemed, lay seven miles northwest of the center of Los Angeles. Twenty years ago it had a population of 1,200 persons, living on fine estates separated by lemon and orange orchards. Now it has 70,000. It joined Los Angeles in 1910, and has kept pace with the growth of that astonishing city.

On the way I had the taxicab stop in front of the bungalow court where William Desmond Taylor lived. The bungalow court is, I believe, peculiar to southern California. On a plot of ground about the size of that occupied by a large apartment

house in New York a parallelogram is laid out and along three sides one or two story houses are erected, the fourth side being the street. The houses are separated from one another by a space of fifteen feet or more.

Within the central court which all of them face are planted palms, evergreens and shrubbery over a spread of lawn. They are beautiful and attractive places. The true bungalow is one story high.

Taylor's home, a duplicate of all the others on this court, had two stories. He had half the ground floor and half the

second floor and another family the other half. Each tenant has his own doorways. It is what is called in the East a two family house. I don't know what rent Taylor paid, but from what I heard of prices elsewhere would guess it was about \$125 a month. Taylor was not a "high liver."

Boastful Signs Abound

To Boost Real Estate

Well, the trip to Hollywood took us up and down the hills of Los Angeles, through streets lined with date and fan palms and streets with palms on one side and advertising signs on the other, and every so often a monstrous real estate board boasting of the present and piling million on million of population for the future. The reigning sensation in Los Angeles outside the "Taylor case," by the way, was somebody's prediction that the city would have 3,000,000 souls (even the movie people are credited with souls for statistical purposes) by the year 1940, I think it was.

With no more digressions we shall now proceed to Hollywood.

Past automobile service stations almost as neat and alluring as the bungalow courts, past open spaces and green hill-sides and rows of deep shading pepper trees, along one of those justly famous California highways, we rode along and came to the gate of movieiland.

It wasn't a gate, but a high green wooden fence suddenly appearing behind a file of palms at the left, and mammoth white letters spelling "William Fox Studios." It was like the fence enclosing the fairgrounds in an Eastern county seat, and the letters seemed to rival closely the Colgate sign in Jersey City for size. Above it were to be seen roofs like those of barns and hangars and a silhouetted sierra of timbers and walls, which I later discovered were "sets," the scenery of the movies.

The next block proved to be Fox, too,

but the fence and the buildings were of stucco. Then more studios, all shouting their names in big letters—Warner Brothers, Christie Comedies, and others, with blocks of dwellings between. Then a block surrounded by automobiles parked beneath pepper trees and a sign, much smaller than the others I had seen, "Famous Players-Lasky Studios."

The object of this expedition was a survey of the whole town of Hollywood, not the studios, so I kept on. In passing, however, I noted with chagrin that not a Rolls-Royce was to be seen in all the automobile show outside the "Lasky lot." Most of the cars were common tumblers in fact, and badly in need of a wash, and there weren't nearly as many chauffeurs lolling about as I had hoped. Where were all those glorious vehicles with gold inlay and platinum wheels the press agent had pictured? Here was a solecism to be investigated later.

Not a Sign of Business

In the Passing Crowd

A friend who is not in the movies transferred me from a taxicab to his plebeian car and guided me through residential parts of Hollywood. I wanted to see the homes of all the big actors, but as that would take several days we compromised on a ride ending at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Beverly Hills.

While passing studios and now while traversing the boulevards I kept on the lookout for persons identifiable as film celebrities, but saw none. Not a star, not an "extra," not a painted face, not a camera, not a director in knee breeches and puttees or otherwise, not even a group of cowboys or a single cowboy sleeping under a tree or rolling marihuana cigarettes while waiting to be called.

All preconceptions wrong. Not a hint or symptom save an occasional studio giving assurance that this is really the Pittsburgh of the motion picture. Nobody hanging around the studios. No one clamoring to get in. Ordinary looking persons walking the streets, and apparently minding their own business. Just a southern California city of the landscaped, well tailored, prosperous looking sort, with a special uniqueness of situation because it is built along a valley and a slope with a background of hills which Joseph Urban could not improve upon.

Kearny and Fremont, Castro and Pico fought over these hills, and later the terrifying bandits, Tiburcio Vasquez and Joaquin Murrieta, held them. Modern Hollywood, one regrets to say, knows little of the romance caressing it from out the past or of the ghosts that patrol the Pass. Only one of the many persons from whom I sought this information knew that the heights had not always been called Hollywood Hills. He was a clerk in a bookstore.

My guide rolled me along a well kept